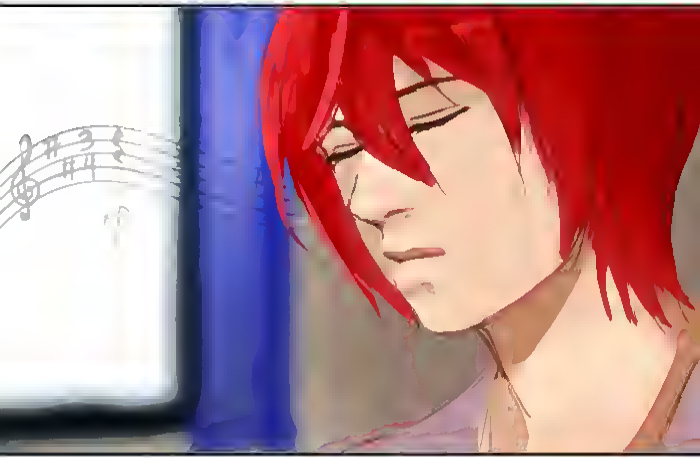
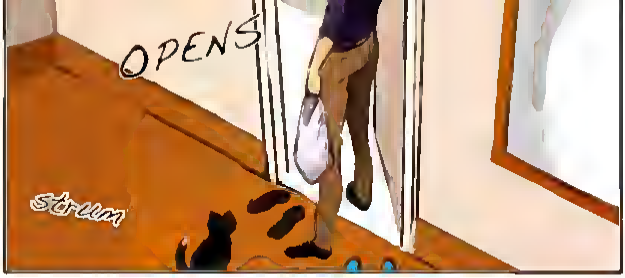
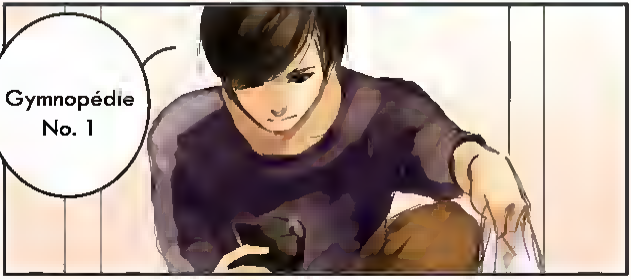
Sometimes those who smile the most
are best at hiding what they truly feel.

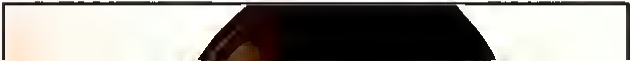
where Tangents meet

strum



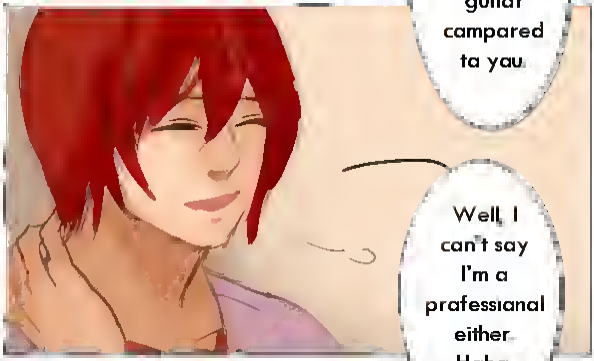

OPENS
Stirlin


Gymnopédie
No. 1



You're covering thot one piano composition by Sofie, right?
Yeoh... Do you play?

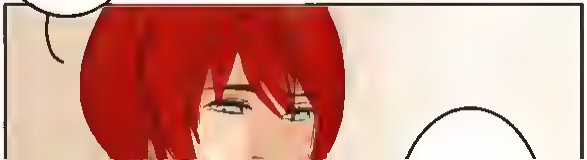
Nat like that. I'm a beginner at playing the guitar campared ta you.

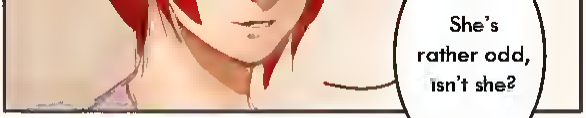


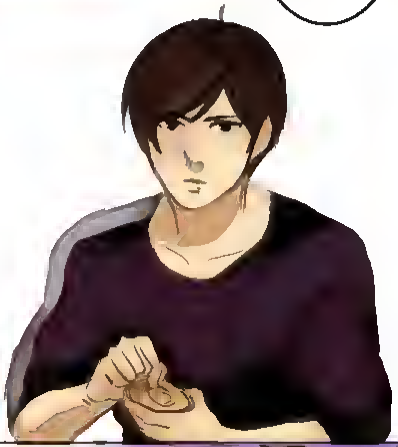
Well, I can't say I'm a professional either. Haha.

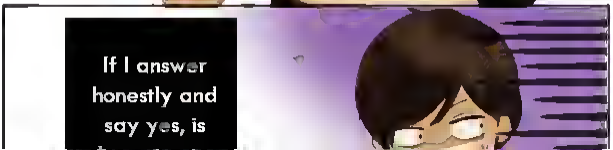
Your sister weors the some expression when she's being modest.
I was under the impression you two were polor opposites, but I see a bit of resemblonce.
Is thot so...?
rustle

My sister, Rachelle...

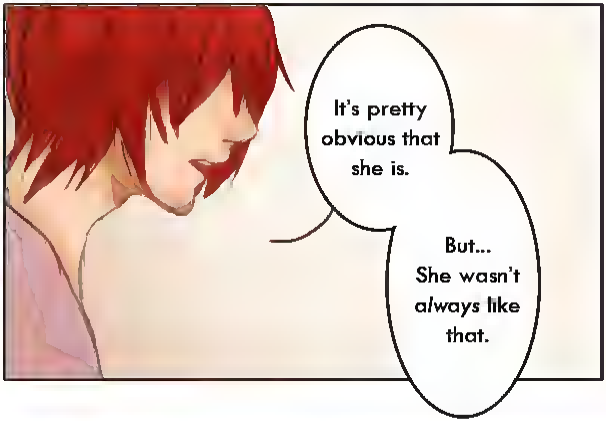



She's rather odd, isn't she?


pause

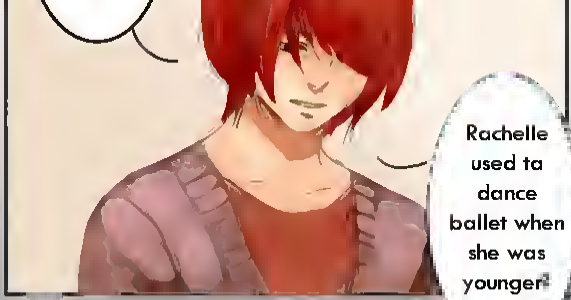

If I answer honestly and say yes, is

he going to beat me up...?
trick question?


It's pretty obvious that she is.
But... She wasn't always like that.

...?
What do you mean?

Did you know...



Actually, she was very talented...

Elegant, sophisticated, and

poised.
She seemed

like she had everything together...

Especially compared to me, her twin brother.

Roscoe, wipe those tears away! You're not a cryboby, are you?

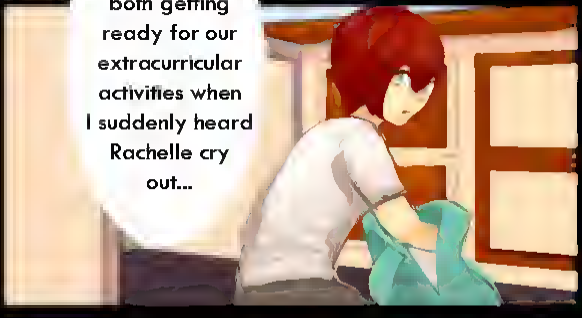
Uuu...
I-I'm sorry, sis...
Believe it or not, she was a lot stronger than I was back then.

I probably knew that better than anyone

Until one day...

afternoon.

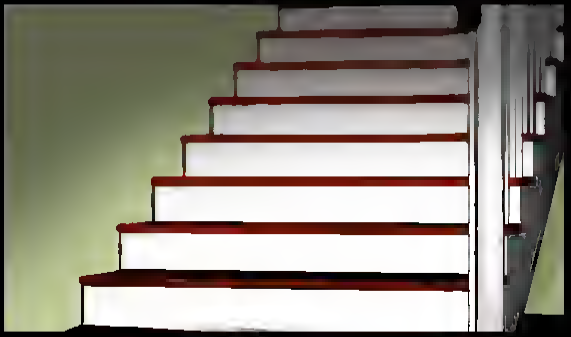
We were both getting ready for our extracurricular activities when I suddenly heard Rachelle cry out...



Followed

by a loud crash

THUD



Rachelle

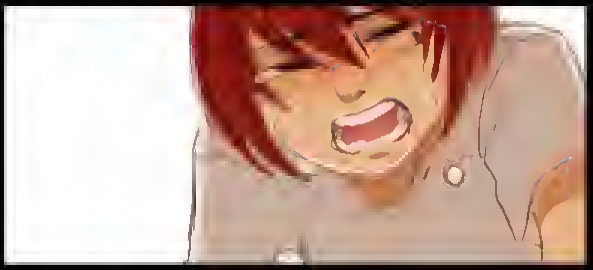
had tripped and fallen fram a flight af stairs.

When I rushed ta her, she already suffered fram a head injury.

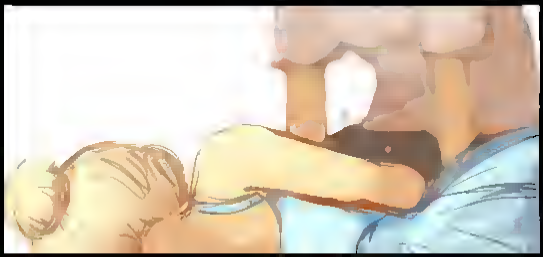
There was so much blood... She was unconscious.

I panicked.
...
I didn't call an ambulance. Neither did I call my parents.
That entire time I stayed frozen there

...
Crying.



Useless...



Later an when my parents got hame, they immediately called the paramedics to send my sister ta the hospital.

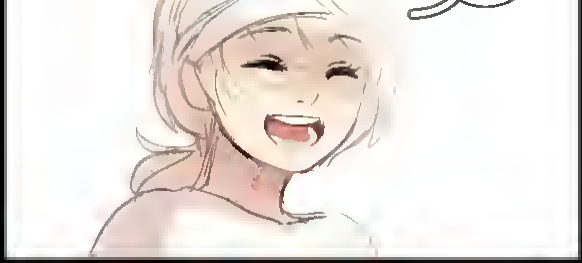
By that time, she had lost a lot of blood. She was in critical condition.
And after what seemed like an eternity...

She finally woke up...

But she was never quite the same after that...

As soan as she saw me, she ware a big grin on her face and laughed.

Roscoe, why are you crying, silly?



There

there was an undeniable difference in her behaviar.

The ance dignified Rachelle everyane knew was naw... vague, and nat all there...

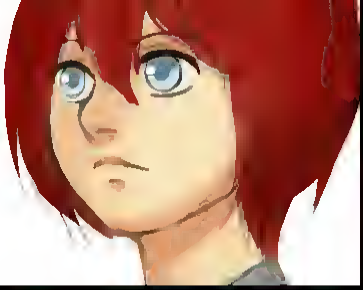
Often times I wauld catch her staring aff inta space

She quit dancing completely.

Some of her friends weren't able to accept the new her, so they stopped talking to

her.

Meanwhile, the role of the "responsible sibling" was passed to me.



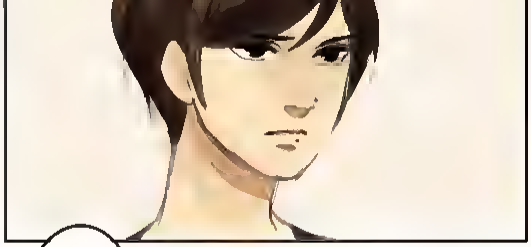
From then on, it was my duty to protect my sister at all costs.

Even so...
I couldn't help but wonder how hord it must hove been on her.

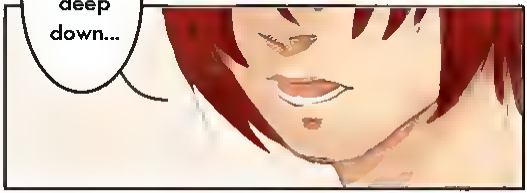
Not once hod she expressed ony signs of sorrow to me... but I sensed it.

Sometimes I'd blome myself for the occident. Thot moybe, if I hod done something, it would be different.

But I think the worst part of it all...



Is that.. deep down...

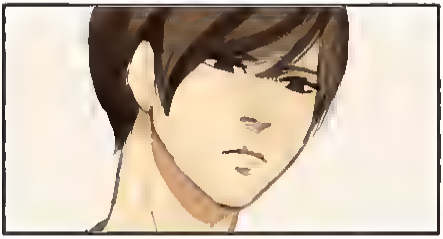


Maybe I was *happy*

that it happened.

That in all of her adversity, I faund my appartunity ta be the stranger ane far ance.

...I'm despicable.



...She speaks well of you, you know.

She

never has anything bad ta say abaut anyane, actually
...
But that's because she's campassianate abaut athers. And prabably ta yau, even mare sa.
When she first mentianed yau ta me, she was warried abaut yaur

well-being.

I can tell your sister cares about you a lot, Roscoe.

Probably just as much as you care for her.

You can condemn yourself for what happened in the past, but accidents are never intentional.

I don't think she would ever

blome you. Neither would she want you to feel guilty obout it--

But, hey. Whot do I know? I'm kindo on outsider looking in on this, drowing from my own inferences.

The reason why I'm telling you this is because...
Althaugh Rachelle says you're similar ta everyane in the SC, I don't think that's quite right.

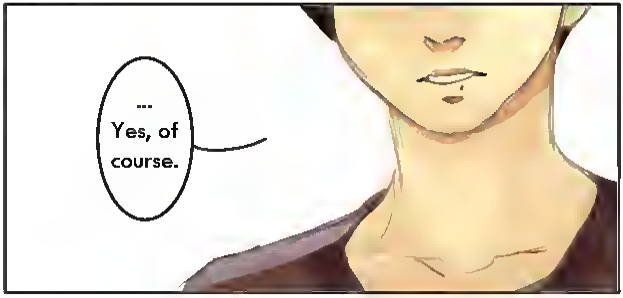
You're

the first new friend she's gotten close to since that accident.

thot you simply being there withdrows her from the shodow of her former self... You don't remind her of the post.
That's one thing I know I'm incopoble of doing for her.
So, I just wanted to soy thonk you ond...

Pleose continue

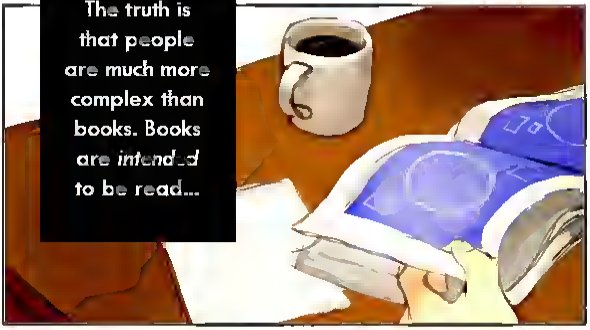
to treat Rachelle kindly.



Although

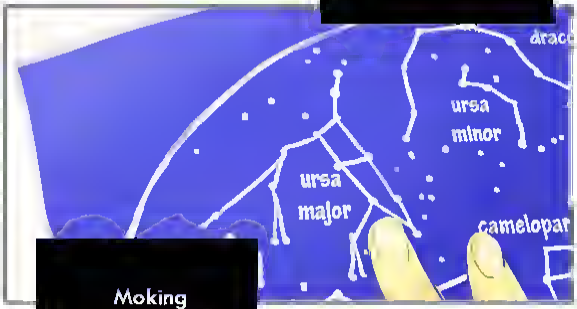
I hate to admit it, Taiga was right before about how I hypocritically perceived others.

The truth is that people are much more complex than books. Books are *intended* to be read...

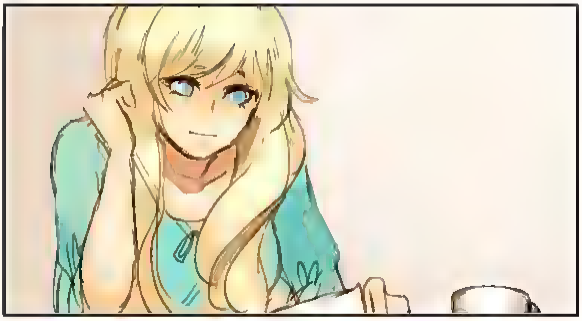


Instead, it's more

like we observe others from a distance, just as an astronomer views the stars through a telescope.



Making guesses, theories, and conclusions of how something or someone come to be that way.



The more
I discover, the
better I want
to understand

her.

Rangers meet

Special thanks to my friends
roflcopteminja (creator of Roscae)
and sachiin (creator of Rachelle)
for making the basis of
Roscae and Rachelle's past.

LINE Webtoon